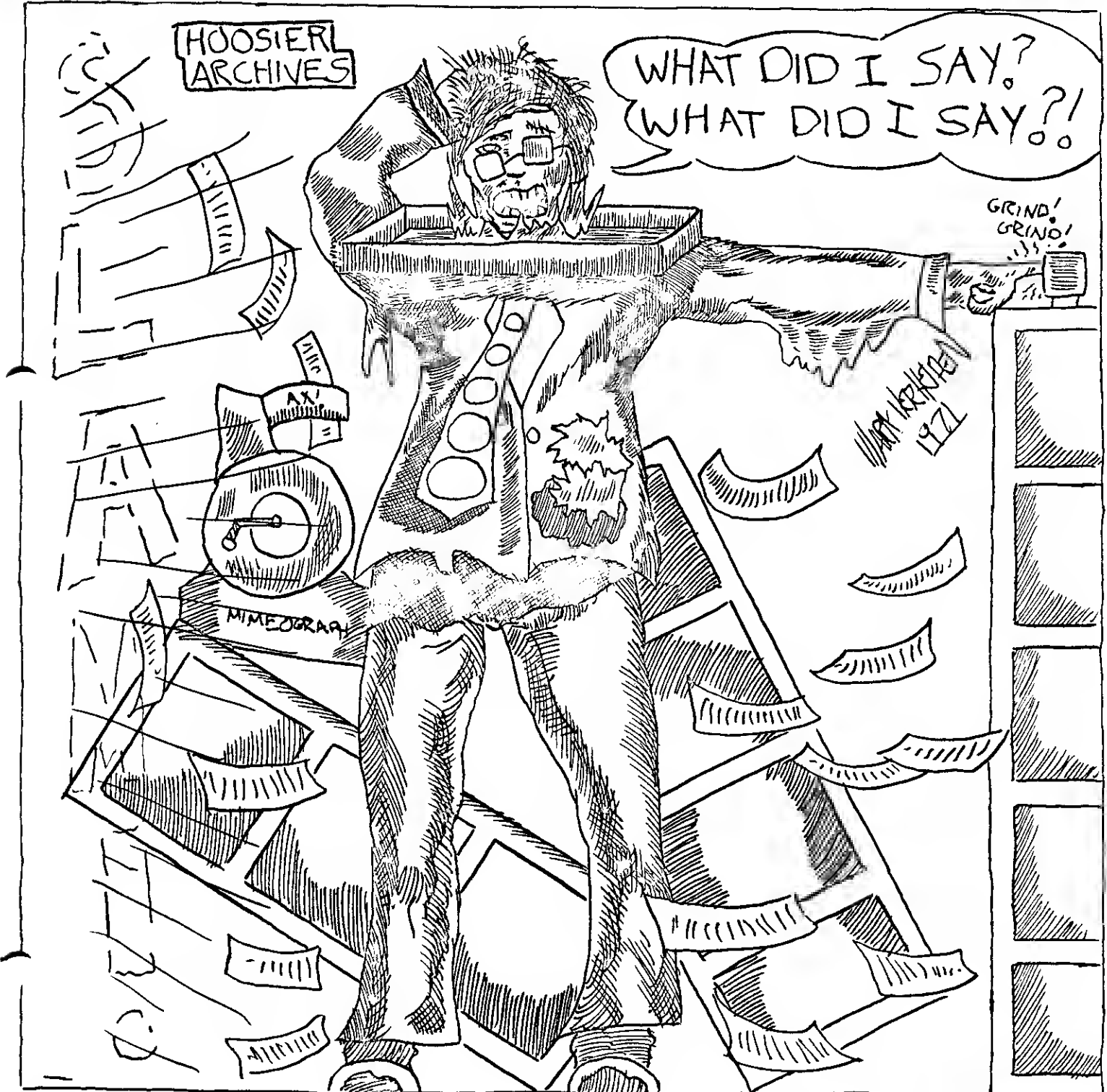
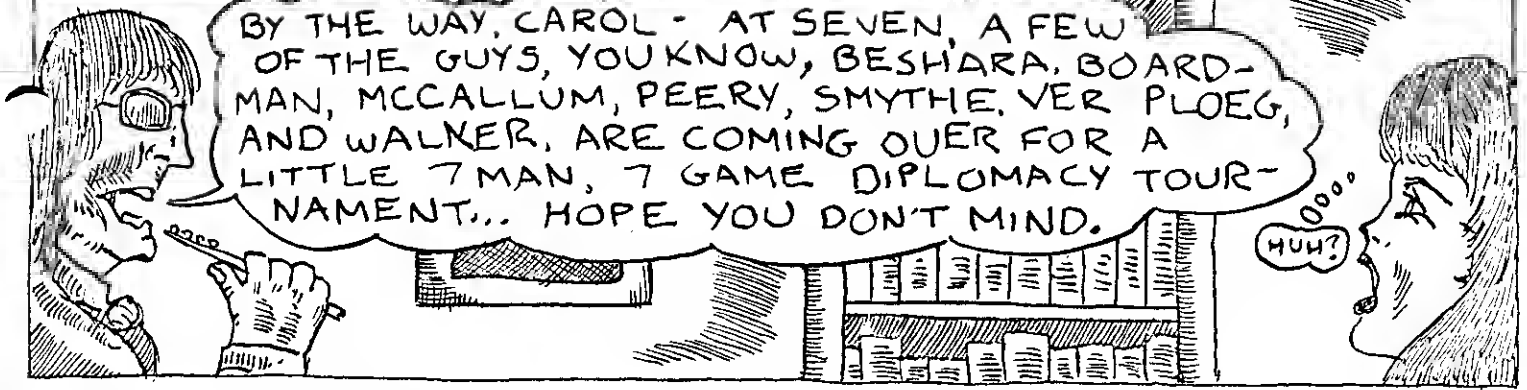


6:45 P.M. - AT SUPPER



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OUT OF THE ARCHIVES

To Commemorate DIPCON IV in San Diego, and it's only five days away, all you Diplonauts (associate editor's note: Diplonuts?!) out there are hereby honored with another Hoosier Archives original. As is only appropriate to commemorate a DIPCON, this article is about the blood and gore of rugged FTF Diplomacy. The author, Bill Jarvis, is one of the leaders of one of the most active FTF Diplomacy groups in the country. This group, based in Rochester, New York, may even rival the Youngstown days of old.

Mr. Jarvis is also the editor and publisher of New York Diplomat, a Diplomacy publication chronicling these FTF games. If any of you are interested in getting New York Diplomat, you might write Bill at: 44 Dover Park, Rochester, New York 14610. One of the unique features of New York Diplomat, in addition to its complete chronicling of the moves plus propaganda, is hand-colored maps of key positions. It's a collector's must. And now, Bill Jarvis.

To begin with, this is not a strategy article, so all you people out there who are hoping for new revelations on how to play Austria-Hungary, go back to sleep. As a matter of fact, this isn't even an article on postal Diplomacy. No, sir. The subject of today's lecture is:

THE PERILS AND PITFALLS OF THAT GRAND OLD GAME, RULEBOOK FTF DIPLOMACY

One never hears much about FTF (for Face-To-Face, or "live") games anymore, largely because most areas don't have seven Diplomacy players within fifty miles! (There's a job for you able recruiters out there! Go get 'em!) So, postal Dippy has largely obscured the FTF version, which in my 'umble opinion, is a shame. For all you unfortunates, then, who have never had the joy of participating in an FTF game, I will enlighten you:

The first (and, by far, the most difficult) part of an FTF game is getting seven people together, in one place, at one time. There must be a consensus that it's about time for another game, i.e. everyone has finally recovered from the nervous breakdown he had following the last game, and is ready to do it all over again. One person decides to host the game. This means seven people running all over your house, guzzling any liquid in sight, and dropping crumbs all over the rug. The host now begins the arduous task of calling people up to see if they can make it. These calls supply the money for the Havana cigars on the desk of the telephone company president. For instance: you call up John, who can make it on Saturday at 1. Peter, however, can't make it then because he wants to watch a soccer game. He can make it the next day, Sunday, at 2. But John can't make it at 2, and neither can Bob, who works both days and won't have a day off until next week, when Joe will have left for Acapulco, etc. Finally, by some miracle, a common date and time is reached. Before the game, the host must accumulate enough pop and cookies to feed Hannibal's army, including the elephants.

The appointed hour arrives, the limousines draw up at the gate, and out step the ambas-

sadors, ready and rarin' to go. They troop through the door and into the room where the board is set up, leaving the host buried under a mountain of jackets and coats. The players busy themselves with setting up tape recorders and getting out masters.

(Some words of explanation about the above-mentioned paraphernalia: Tape recorders are used to record the moves as they are read, and the shenanigans which usually accompany the reading of the moves, such as speeches by the various heads of state. Tape-recorded speeches, with music, are also popular. Since they must be prepared beforehand, such speeches are usually given at the second or third sessions of a game. Yes, there are that many sessions, each of about five hours, to an average game!

(Masters are conference maps, mounted on cork, which use map pins for markers and serve as portable boards to carry around during negotiations. An invention of John Tokoli, the master makes private planning easier, since everyone isn't seated at the big board.)

Once set up, the fun begins in earnest with the choosing of countries. One army from each country is put into a paper bag, and everybody tries to jam his fist into the bag at once. The next five minutes are occupied with people jumping up and down, yelling, "I got Turkey! I got Turkey!" and people banging their heads against the wall, murmuring something about "total disaster...Italy...ohhhh..." Then England says, "France, -who's France?-France, I want to talk to you." And away go France and England. Simultaneously, Germany says, "France...France?" but it's too late. Germany will have to wait his turn. And so, all over Europe, people are running around seeing which alliance, non-aggression pact, or other treaty will give him the best chance for survival.

I must say here that, should this article prompt you to try FTF Dippy for yourself, you should strictly limit the diplomacy periods to $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for the first one, and 15 minutes each for all others. Otherwise, you will become as we are, taking an average of $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for each period, which is unforgivably long. Do as I say, not as I do.

The Reading of the Moves is an ancient, time-honored ritual. The tape recorders are turned on, and around the board we go, reading moves, and sometimes speeches. The speeches do tend to get out of hand, though, especially when some players insist on mouthing off at each move, even though they have nothing to say.

Beneath it all runs an undercurrent of pandemonium. Here is an example, culled from the tapes of an actual game: (Peter Ferin played France; Ethan Vishniac, Italy; John Tokoli, Austira-Hungary; Mike Raff, Turkey; Steve Nozik, Russia; and this author played England.)

Ferin: Now wait a minute...(hubbub) Now wait a minute, I...(hubbub) Okay, I want to make a speech...(more hubbub) I want to make a speech...I want to make a speech!

Jarvis: YES!

Ferin: Are you ready, recorders?

Tokoli: Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Nozik: Oh, wait...all right.

Jarvis: What a Narcissist.

Ferin: People of France, I am ready to announce-

Tokoli: (Bronx cheer)

Ferin: -that our glorious fantastic armies-

Tokoli: Boooo! Booooo!

Ferin: -have just won a great victory, on the continent of Great Britain!

Jarvis: Continent?

Nozik: Island.

Ferin: Island of Great Britain. Fantastic victory-

Vishniac: Tokoli-

Ferin: -Two democratic French armies-

Vishniac: Shut up or I'll take your glasses-

Ferin: -Are in possession of Liverpool-

Vishniac: -and ram them down your throat.

— Ferin: -and the defeat of Britain Empire is...in sight.

Tokoli: In sight...in the vague distance.

Ferin: Let's cheer, for the victory of France democracy!

Raff: Yay!

Tokoli: Boo!

Vishniac: (Applause)

Ferin: Now let me fix the master.

Jarvis: If I hear that word one more time...

Raff: French democracy!

Tokoli: Frrrrrench democracy!

Jarvis: Eeeeee!

Multiply this by five hours, and you can see why, at the end of a session, people go home with hoarse voices and glazed eyes, thoroughly, ecstatically high on Diplomacy battle fatigue. People suffering from this rare malady pick at their food, spend long hours on the phone post-morteming the game (more Havana cigars for the telephone company president) and gaze fixedly at maps showing the board situation. Fortunately, the affliction is only temporary, and goes away in about a week, providing the patient stays away from Diplomacy.

— And so concludes my description of the wonderful, zany game known as FTF Diplomacy. I really hope that more postal players will at least take a stab at Diplomacy as it was meant to be played. It is one of the few enjoyable games in which ordinarily sensible individuals can shed their sanity and be forgiven for it. Postal Dippy has held sway for quite a while. In my opinion, FTF Diplomacy is long due for a comeback.

ARCHIVES LISTING

Due to its present large size, the archives listing will only appear infrequently or when substantial additions have been added to the archives. Since Hoosier Archives #27 was published, no significant additions have been made.

OUR COVER

We are honored to again have Mark Verheiden do another cover for Hoosier Archives. In the future, we hope to have this as a semi-permanent feature. The idea for this cover was originally obtained from Eric Just's hilarious Erehwyna, a 1969 fake April Fool's issue of Erehwon, and passed on to Mark. As is appropriate for this DIPCON commemorative issue, the cover depicts what the better half thinks of our hallowed pastime!

ADDRESS CHANGE

During the last part of August, I will be visiting my in-laws in Colorado and attending the DIPCON IV in San Diego. My addresses will be as follows: August 14-21--c/o Nelsen Saunders, R.R. 1, La Junta, Colorado 81050, and August 22-28--c/o Larry Peery, 816 24th Street, San Diego, California 92102. Now, (not you, Larry Peery) figure out how this issue came out!